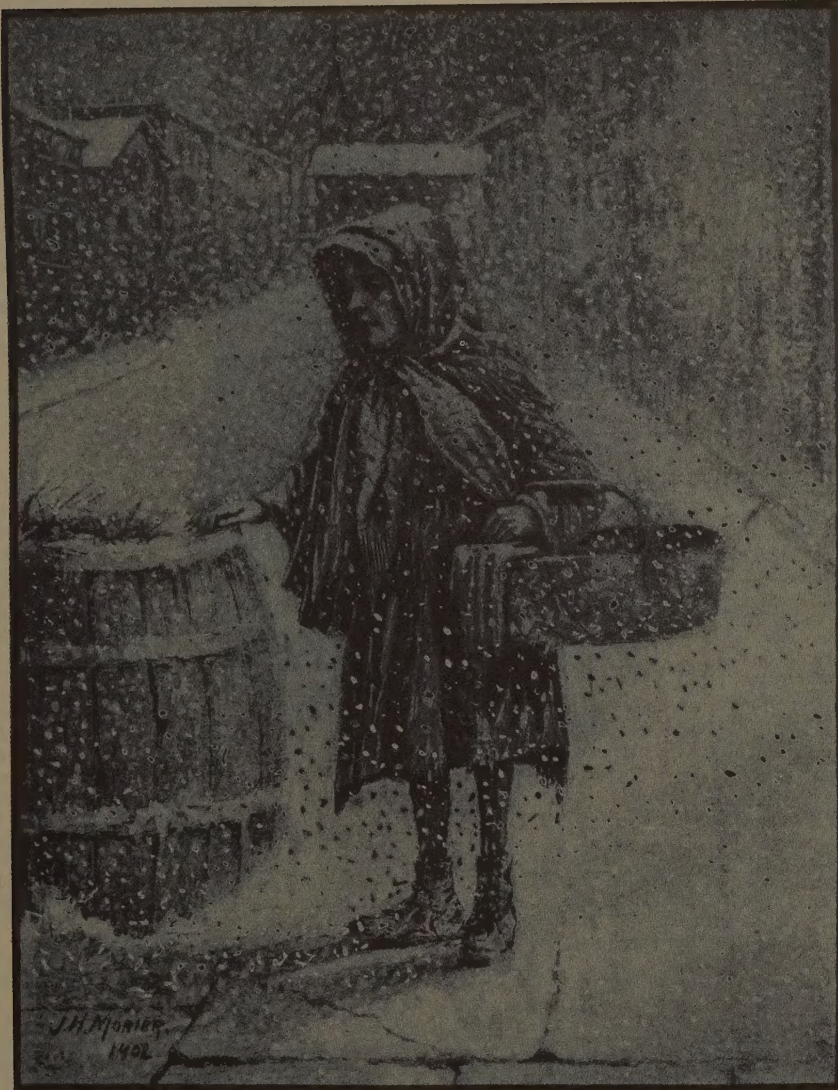


THE COMRADE



Gleaning from the garbage of the snow-wrapt street
Fragments of wastewood, every piece a prize:
Shadows of sorrow upon her face so sweet,

Raging fires of hunger gleaming in her eyes.
Mighty armed nation, all vain are thy pomp and show —
Armies cannot protect thee from the curse of this child's woe! S.

How I Became a Socialist

x.

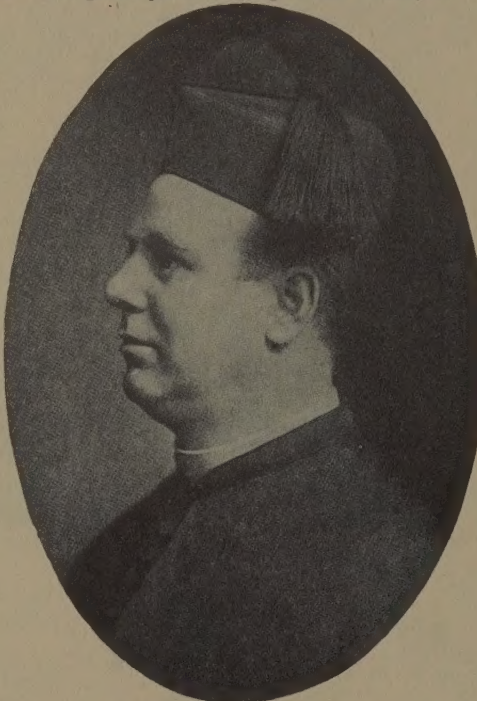
By Rev. T. McGrady.



O you want me to relate the story of my conversion to Socialism? Well, I will endeavor to comply with your wish. In the first place, I must ask your pardon for any references that I shall make to my personal traits, for, no doubt, as a Socialist, you are a truthful man, and, as such, you want me to tell the truth, and oftentimes truth can be related only at the expense of humility. The ordinary events in the life of an extraordinary man must produce extraordinary effects, and be related in extraordinary language, to clothe these events with the character of mystery; and the effects of these events must appear in the garb of miracles. Who ever heard of a genius performing the common acts of humanity? A genius must walk like a god, and talk like a god, and act like a god, otherwise the vulgar herd will conclude that he is not a god. Great men are born with a halo of glory around their brow, and their last words are sacred oracles, manufactured for the occasion, and transmitted to posterity for the illumination and inspiration of future ages. No great man has ever been influenced to change his views by the force of argument. That would be too common. Ordinary people are susceptible to the power of ratiocination, and if a genius did not receive his light from a higher source, he would lose his niche in the temple of fame, and be classified with the common scions of humanity. If I said bluntly that I read a few books on Socialism and thought over what I had read, and then read a little more and thought a little more, and then I came to the conclusion that Socialism was based on truth and science, some people would say, "Ah! that McGrady must be a *chump*." Well, I wish to confess, at once, that I am a chump, for I accepted Socialism just like a chump, and the story of my conversion is very simple. I will begin my narrative by stating that, like all chumps, I am an honest man, and I presume that this declaration is superfluous, for honesty is an essential characteristic of every true Socialist. Conservatism is one of the strongest traits of the criminal. Professor Ely states that the criminal belongs to a low order of intelligence, and is incapable of originating an idea, and lacks the moral courage which would enable him to adopt an unpopular cause; and I must say that these statements are corroborated by the researches of Lombroso and his associates in the study of criminology. The criminal is never a radical. In the words of Ely, he is always with the strongest party; and especially the strongest in his city or in his ward. Whenever a truculent deed is committed, all the embryonic criminals, whose development merely awaits favorable environment, join in the popular cry, and call for the

blood of the malefactor. How many savages bask in the light of modern civilization! How many criminals walk the streets in the garb of respectability! How many convicts would be contaminated were they compelled to associate with the millions who point the finger of scorn at the inmates of the dungeons! How many midnight assassins pose as the god of love and justice! If all the criminals in this country were incarcerated, we might employ one-half the people of the realm to build prisons for the other half. America is a land of unchanged wretches. Yet I do not condemn these poor creatures, for they are the victims of their environments, as the criminologists have proved that crime originates in physiological, biological, psychological and sociological conditions. Mob law is the order of the

day, and in the sunny South, the victim is burned at the stake. The man who adopts the methods of a savage in the punishment of crime is worse than Caesar Borgia, for he blights the glory of modern civilization with the moral code of troglodytes. Now I have come to a very important point in this communication. A criminal is always on the strong side. Don't forget that, for it has a significant relation to the social question and the problem of the age, and gives a scientific explanation of my conversion in particular. Here is the second point—I am not a criminal. I have never been hanged or shot. I must admit, however, that this declaration is likely to create, in the mind of the historian and scientist, grave doubts relative to my honesty, for honest men are generally both hanged and shot, while the criminals frequently go scot free. But I console myself with the reflection that I would have been hanged and quartered long ago if the criminals had the power, and the good intentions of my enemies constitute the best evidence that I can advance in vindication of my unimpeachable integrity. Being an honest man, I am fair-minded, for honesty is



T. McGRADY.

free from all guile. As a boy in school and in the neighborhood where I lived in the days of my adolescence, I was always on the side of the weak, and many a thrashing I received from my youthful comrades for defending the cause of the oppressed. But I seemed to wax strong with the repeated drubbings, and I developed into a pugilist of no mean pretensions, and had I entered the ring I might have won immortal honors and worn the champion's belt the remainder of my life. Those who are acquainted with my stature and avoirdupois will not ridicule my statements as the empty declarations of a gasconade. My pugnacity increased with the development of my muscular power, and my obstinacy kept pace with the growth of my pugnacity, till I was recognized as the champion of the community, and was crowned with the laurels of victory by the hands of my quondam foes. Like other men, I had my early prejudices.

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They were not, however, deep-seated and ineradicable, as my later years palpably demonstrate. While they were never strong, yet they were strong enough to have a slight influence on my disposition and warp the views of a candid mind. I liked a Catholic a little better than a Protestant; a Christian a little better than an infidel; an Irishman a little better than a Dutchman and a Caucasian a little better than an Ethiopian. These prejudices were not the products of a narrow mind and a frozen heart. They were the results of my early education and environment. When I became acquainted with the world and men in general, all these early prejudices vanished like snow on the bleak hillside when kissed by the rays of the vernal sun. I sympathized with the oppressed people of Ireland, the martyred sons of Abraham, the downtrodden serfs of Russia, and the sable children of Ethiopia. I had not yet seen, however, that the cause of all oppression is the same, and that the angel of freedom cannot celebrate her triumph till that cause is removed. I always detested inequalities. I could not see that one man should be better than another. Patricians and plebeians, kings and beggars, rich and poor, masters and slaves, have no place in my ideas of justice. I always loathed adulation, and I despised pageantry. From my earliest years I would never have walked across the street to gaze on the face of the President of the United States, or the Sovereign of England, or the Czar of Russia, or the crowned head of Timbucktoo. Only criminals take pleasure in staring at vulgarity clad in the robes of splendor. I always had a perfect contempt for sneaks and toadies and satellites. I dwell on these traits of my character to emphasize a fact well worthy of thoughtful consideration, a fact which I have learned from reflection on my experience as a propagandist, the fact that some men are born Socialists while other men are made Socialists. The born Socialist accepts a doctrine because it is based on truth and justice, and stands forth and champions it when it is weak, and bears with calm resignation and stoical contempt the frowns and gibes of the vulgar mob who ridicule his opinions. He defends the cause of truth and justice when he never expects to see the realizations of his ideals. The made Socialist accepts truth from merely selfish motives. He derides a noble cause in its infancy, and espouses the same cause when it has grown to be a mighty power and does not depend on his assistance. He says that he would vote for Socialism if he thought it would win, but he does not want to waste his vote, and, therefore, he utilizes the power of the ballot for the perpetuation and intensification of slavery. The born Socialist accepts the truth when it is without a friend on the globe. The made Socialist defends the truth only after it has become respectable and powerful. The former enters the ranks of the Socialists with the dignity of a man; the latter sneaks into the movement with the cunning of a serpent and the servility of a slave. Well, I am a born Socialist; but, unfortunately, I lived many years in total ignorance of the Socialist movement. Like most men of my calling, I thought that it was a scheme to divide the wealth of the nation; yet I had no particular objection to this false conception of the movement, for I thought that a division would be a blessing to the community. It seemed to me that some men had too much while others did not have enough, and I justly attributed many of the physical and mental and moral evils of the age to the excessive indulgence of the wealthy and the absolute penury of the indigent. I could never see how one man, who did no work, could accumulate a million in a few years, while thousands of honest toilers lived and died in poverty. I would have been a Socialist with the first faint glimmering of rational thought had some kind friend instructed me with half the patience that I have exercised in vain attempts to enlighten the wiseacres of this little town. But no angel of light smiled on my lonely life, and I groped through the mists and shadows along the path of progress to the snow-clad heights of truth and knowledge. I was ordained in the cathedral at Galveston, Texas, and spent the first seven months of my ministerial life as an assistant to the rector of that church. The labor problem

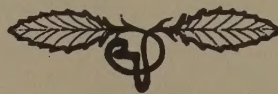
was never mentioned in that sacred abode. The rector was a good-natured old capitalist, who believed that the toiler should have sufficient coarse food to keep body and soul together, sufficient cheap clothing to cover his nakedness, sufficient money to pay his pew rent, and sufficient time to hear mass on Sundays. At the expiration of seven months, I was appointed rector of St. Patrick's Church, at Houston, where I spent two years. There were many toilers in my congregation, but they were all contented as long as they had a job, and I never presumed to molest their tranquillity. Six months spent in Dallas did not change the situation. Times were encouraging; activity prevailed in every line of business, and the laboring people seemed to think that they were enjoying the general prosperity. The next movement brought me back to my native city, Lexington, Ky., where I spent eight months with the aristocrats of the Blue Grass State, and gave no thought to the labor problem. I was then appointed rector of the Catholic church at Cynthiana, a sleepy little Kentucky town on the bank of the Licking River, where there were no factories, no unions, and no opportunities to study industrial conditions. In '94 I became interested in the financial question, and at first I thought that the unlimited coinage of silver would relieve the situation, but with further reading and reflection I saw that money was merely a representative of values, and a change would not increase the purchasing power of the laborer's wages. Having perused a number of books on the financial problem, I became interested in the study of political economy, but the authors that I read inculcated the doctrine of *laissez faire*, the necessity of competition and the divine right of rent, interest and profit; and, naturally, I was persuaded, by the force of their arguments, when I was ignorant of the other side. In 1895 I came to Bellevue, and I soon became acquainted with the ordinary life of the toiler in the mills and factories of Cincinnati. Before this time, I knew the labor problem through the medium of the capitalist press. Yet even this partial agency of information convinced me that terrible oppression prevailed in the industrial world. In the A. R. U. strike, I was with the railroad employees, and my admiration for the courage and magnanimity of Eugene V. Debs in his noble battle against despotism in that historic strike has grown with the lapse of years, till that stalwart champion of freedom became the idol of my heart. In 1897, Dr. Kreidler, a physician of the Queen City, one of the kindest and truest and most amiable men that I have ever known, gave me a copy of "Merrie England." This was the turning point. That book opened my eyes. There were the facts, and they could not be misunderstood. Still I was not a full-fledged Socialist, as Blatchford did not tell me how the industrial system could be practically managed under a Socialistic regime, and all nascent Socialists consider the practical, rather than the theoretical, side of the industrial problem. Yet I was satisfied that Socialism would solve the problem, if its principles could be applied; and, at the same time, I had no doubt that the day would come when the difficulty would be surmounted. But I was not acquainted with the current literature of Socialism, and had not the faintest idea that there was a Socialist party in the country. I have always been a man of domestic habits, and did not come in contact with many people, and, hence, did not meet any Socialists in my limited number of acquaintances. In the summer of 1897, Dr. Kreidler, who was a disciple of Henry George, but since converted to Socialism, gave me a copy of "Progress and Poverty," and, after reading that work, I concluded that the single tax was the panacea for all the economic ills of the age, and I lingered quite a while under the shadow of that delusion. I failed to see the fundamental distinction between the single tax theory and the Socialist theory, owing to my confused idea of the latter. I did not identify the two schools of economics, yet it was my impression that the single tax movement was a modified phase of the Socialist movement, and I thought that they could be reconciled and combined into one great party. Having read a number of works about this time, or a little later,

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on political economy, by representatives of the Manchester school, my mind became confused, and I concluded, almost against my conviction, that competition was the life of trade, and could not be abolished. For more than a year my ideas were hazy and indistinct, yet I knew all the time that there was something radically wrong with the industrial system. In my bewildered brain, competition was essential to progress; and still I could not fail to see that competition reduced wages. How is this? I asked. Competition diminishes wages, but at the same time it diminishes the price of commodities, and the toiler gets the benefit of the reduction. I had not yet grasped the idea that labor power is a merchandise, and that the tendency of increased productivity is to reduce wages and enhance surplus value. I read a number of works on the government ownership of railroads and the municipal ownership of public utilities, and I was convinced that the community could give cheaper and better services than a private corporation. By the elimination of waste and profit the community could give the public gas and water and street-car accommodations at the cost of those services. It occurred to my mind that, if this were the case, then the community could take charge of the mills and factories and furnish the necessities of life at the cost of production, and we could get food and clothing with the least expenditure of labor power. Still I was not yet a scientific Socialist, for while I had read a number of pamphlets on the question, none of them explained the law of wages, surplus value and the inevitability of industrial combination, which would eventually extinguish the middle man, and create an unemployed problem of startling magnitude. Continuing my reading, I began to understand the difference between government ownership and collectivism. I perused the works of Lawrence Gronlund, Bellamy, Vail, Sprague, and other Socialist writers, and became acquainted with the three great ideas of Karl Marx, and before the end of '99, I was firmly convinced that the collective ownership and administration of capital for the benefit of all the people was the only rational solution of the industrial problem. In the early part of 1900 I wrote to Father Hagerty, who was then rector of the Catholic church at Cleburne, Texas, informing him that I was a disciple of Marx. Father Hagerty replied, offering me his congratulations, and I will never forget the opening words of his communication. "Dear comrade, I welcome you to our ranks," he said. Although we had discussed the labor problem, and I knew that he had advanced ideas on the question, yet I was surprised when I learned that

he was a pronounced Socialist, and a member of the party. The last three years I have frequently reflected on my previous studies in biology and the theory of evolution in their relation to the science of sociology, and a new light has dawned on my existence. History is no longer a riddle. The selfish acts of human agencies are as clear as the noonday sun in a cloudless sky. The mighty tragedies that have enveloped nations in disaster, and swept races from the scene of activity, are easily comprehended. The mystery has vanished. Beneath the vast revolutions that have demolished thrones and swept empires into oblivion are the immutable laws of evolution that direct the forces of the universe, and create new energies from the ashes of mighty conflagrations that have destroyed races and annihilated civilizations, and beget life in the silence of death and bring forth the soul of progress from the shadows of the tomb. And now I have finished my story. I was converted at thirty-six; rather late in life, but "better late than never." Since my conversion I have met men who were pagans at the advanced age of threescore and ten. I console myself with the reflection that I was not responsible for my paganism. It was the result of ignorance. The inspired sage tells us, "How shall they believe him of whom they have not heard, and how shall they hear without a preacher?" No apostle came to preach to me, and for years I followed the faint rays of the twinkling stars that pierced the encircling gloom, till the full orb of truth blazoned the gates of the orient with dazzling splendor. The clouds vanished with the blush of the maiden morn, truth smiled on her radiant throne in the empurpled depths, the angel of love intoned her sweet anthem that thrilled my soul with purest emotions, and I took her kind message to the home of the toiler, and told him to rejoice that the night was past and the world was blessed with the light of Freedom's Dawn. Let me say to the honest enquirer: Read a little, and then think a little; then read a little more, and think a little more; then read again, and think again; then take one long, vigorous think, and you will land in the camp of Socialism.

T. M. = Rudy



H, me! into what waste latitudes in this time voyage have we wandered, like adventurous Sinbads, where the men go about as if by galvanism, with meaningless, glaring eyes, and have no soul, but only of the beaver faculty, and stomach! The haggard despair of cotton factory and coal mine operatives, Chandos farm laborers, in these days, is painful to behold; but not so painful, hideous to the inner sense, as that brutish, God-forgetting, profit-and loss philosophy and life theory which we hear jangled on all hands of us, in Senate, houses, sporting clubs, leading articles, pulpits and platforms, everywhere, as the ultimate gospel and candid, plain English of man's life, from the throats and pens and thoughts of all-but all men!

THOMAS CARLYLE.

AND the great cry that rises from all our manufacturing cities, louder than their furnace blast, is all in very deed for this,—that we manufacture everything there except men; we blanch cotton, and strengthen steel, and refine sugar, and shape pottery; but to brighten, to strengthen, to refine or to form a single living spirit, never enters into our estimate of advantages. And all the evil to which that cry is urging our myriads can be met only in one way; not by teaching nor preaching, for to teach them is but to show them their misery; and to preach to them, if we do nothing more than preach, is to mock at it. It can be met only by a right understanding, on the part of all classes, of what kinds of labor are good for men, raising them and making them happy; by a determined sacrifice of such convenience, or beauty, or cheapness, as is to be got only by the degradation of the workman; and by equally determined demand for the products and results of healthy and ennobling labor.

JOHN RUSKIN.

THE NEW "UTOPIA"

By Robert Rives La Monte.



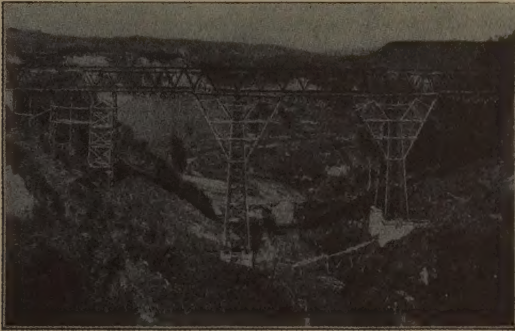
HERE is a happy land far, far away," says the old hymn, and so most of us are prone to believe. Our ideal land may be far, far away either in time or distance. We Socialists, no matter how thorough our conversion to materialistic, scientific Socialism, have none of us, fortunately, wholly got rid of our inheritance of "original sin" in the form of idealism or utopianism. Materialists, as we are in the grounds for the faith that is in us, it is none the less our glorious ideal of the future Co-operative Commonwealth that sustains us in those hours of gloom that threaten to extinguish the flame of hope.

This ideal, distant in time (nay, not distant, for lo! the hour of dawn is at hand) is justified on strictly scientific grounds. But the ideal of a utopia now in existence, separated from us only by space, is as veritable a delusion as any entertained by the victims of paranoia in the insane asylums.

Our friends Wayland and Lloyd and other talented victims of this distressing form of paranoia have produced reams on

there is but one way—the Class Struggle—and that one might as well expect to pick figs from thistles as to find Socialism or even a true Socialist movement in a new country where the economic development has not yet accentuated the Class Struggle sufficiently to develop a class feeling among the toilers. The man who finds Socialism in such a country will by that simple act destroy the foundations of Marxian Socialism—foundations that can never be weakened.

New Zealand, then, is no Utopia. If any of the comrades are tempted to believe it is, and to emigrate, to them I would say, "Tis better to bear the ills ye have, than fly to others that ye wot not of." But New Zealand is a very beautiful and healthy country. It is more than twice as large as New York State and has a population of less than 800,000. The country is very rough and broken, so that there is comparatively little arable land suitable for grain-growing. Much of the land which is level enough is too wet for tillage. But where the land is available it is extremely fertile, raising crops of wheat, oats, and potatoes from two to four times as large as the best



The Makohine Viaduct.
Length 765 feet. Height 238 feet.



A Gum-diggers' Camp.

reams of charming fiction about New Zealand—the "Paradise of Labor." This delusion has done these gifted men no harm and has doubtless afforded them much pleasure, but, with the workmen who have heeded them and sacrificed the earnings of years to come to the new Utopia, it is, as Kipling would say, another story.

I met one of these, an intelligent German and a devoted reader of a widely circulated paper which devotes more or less of its space to propagating Socialism. This paper for some years was half filled with imaginative fiction about New Zealand. My German friend believed it, sold his little all and brought his wife and family out here. Here he has never done so well as he formerly did in California. Again and again he has written (and he writes well) his beloved paper allopathic doses of truth about New Zealand, but his letters have never appeared in print. He does not resent this. He says he supposes the editor thinks their publication would be "bad for the cause." His loyalty to this editor is one of the finest and, under the circumstances, most pathetic things I have ever seen. With undaunted faith he is still hustling for more "subs."

I may be pardoned a note of personal explanation to say that I am not asking pity for myself as a victim of this form of mental disease; for, as a matter of fact, I never shared this delusion and never believed in a short cut to Socialism. I have always believed, and still believe—aye! more, I KNOW—that

American yields, and New Zealand oats and potatoes are superior in quality to American.

But the greater part of the land of New Zealand can only be used for grazing purposes. For this purpose the climate pre-eminently adapts it, as there is really no winter that would seem like winter to a New Yorker. There is pasture all the year around and really abundant pasture for ten months out of the year.

It will be seen that sheep raising must then always be the main industry in New Zealand, even if the government of the day chances to think, in Mr. Lloyd's happy phrase, "a man better than a sheep."

The New Zealand government has tried some very interesting legislative and administrative experiments. These have been due in part to the influence of the trade unions and in part to the fact that the government has been making experimental bids for votes.

It is very difficult to analyze the material interests represented by the Seddon-Ward or "reform" government. I am inclined to say it represents first and foremost the interests of the English money lenders and manufacturers. These interests may be said to be focussed in Christchurch, which is more English in tone and feeling than England, and is also a stronghold of the New Democracy represented by the Seddon-Ward government. Next in the coalition come the small farmers, "cow spankers" or "cockatoos," as the New Zealand workmen call



Clearing the Bush.

them. This second group in their character of landowners or would-be landowners, would naturally have followed the lead of the "squatters" (large landed proprietors) who are bitterly hostile to the government, so to secure their allegiance the government has had to offer them substantial benefits. This it has done through its policy of compulsory purchase of large estates to be thrown open for closer settlement, and especially by loaning them money at low rates of interest through the Advances to Settlers office.

Third and last in the coalition come the workingmen—especially the trade unionists and the co-operative workers on public works. As the workingmen were naturally "agin" the squatters, it was not necessary for the government to reward them as liberally as it did the "cockatoos." The trade-unionists have secured through the Compulsory Arbitration act immunity from strikes, which would probably never have occurred in any case.

I suppose the absurdly high protective tariff also be counted as one of their fruits of the victory, though it has the effect of tremendously enhancing the price of everything they buy except food. There are only 53,000 factory hands in the colony, counting every tiny workshop as a factory, so it may well be doubted whether the local demand for labor created by the tariff compensates even the city trade-unionists for their increased cost of living.

The co-operative workmen have secured employment and freedom from the tyranny of contractors. Their earnings vary greatly, but on the average may be said to be good—equal to or above average wages. But their tenure of their jobs is very uncertain. They are put on in droves before elections and put off afterwards.

The working class, as a whole, has secured an old-age pension which insults them by its utter inadequacy.

The most striking experiment in constructing public works without the intermediary of contractors the government has made is the Makohine Viaduct, now virtually completed. As

an engineering feat this bridge would not be notable in America but it is the largest structure of the kind yet attempted in New Zealand and it was built wholly by wage and co-operative labor without a contractor.

We Socialists are always demanding the abolition of the contract system on public works, and I suppose I will be accused of heresy if I do not glorify the Makohine Viaduct and the government which has maintained the principle of direct construction of public works in the teeth of hostile criticism. The viaduct is a monumental proof that contractors are unnecessary and as such is an object of interest to all Socialists.

But there are other things to be considered. This viaduct or bridge is on what is to be the main trunk line from Wellington to Auckland. This line will open up vast areas of now inaccessible country, including large forests of totara, the best architectural timber in the colony. A glance at the map will show how imperatively necessary to the economic development of the colony this line is. Now, the government has spent six years building this (to an American) small bridge, and for six years the Makohine Viaduct has served the government as an excuse for not pushing the construction of the railway beyond this point (I am writing only a mile and a half from the viaduct).

When the government, some six or eight years ago advertised for bids, for the erection of the viaduct, the lowest tender was £48,000. (Roughly, \$240,000.)

It is impossible to tell what it has actually cost, as the government withholds the information, but, according to an estimate concurred in by several engineers, and made public recently in a speech by the president of the Wellington Chamber of Commerce, the cost to date has exceeded £110,000. (Roughly, \$550,000.)

American contractors recently built the Gotteik Viaduct in Burmah for British capitalists. This viaduct is four times as high as the Makohine, much longer, and has three times the weight of material in it. It was built for a contract price of about £120,000, and was completed in nine months from the landing of the material in Burmah and well within the contract time of two years from the awarding of the contract.

As a Socialist, I care little about the extra cost. Let the bourgeois protect their own pockets. But I do lay stress on the time wasted. This viaduct could have been and should have been built in less than a year, and trains ought now to be running from Wellington to Auckland. Making the interests of the working-class my criterion, I say it would have been far better to have let the contract for this bridge to a competent bridge builder, who would have put it up in a few months. The bridge itself could never afford employment to more than a few hundred men. The development of the country its speedy erection would have opened up would have given work to thousands of men.

To us Socialists, the bridge is an illustration of the parasitic character of the contractor, but we knew he was a parasite anyway. The increased cost and the excessive time frittered away go far to convince the New Zealand bourgeois that the contractor is an eternal necessity to rapid and economical work.

It may be that there is a bit of the bourgeois about me yet, but I have said my say about the viaduct, and if it be treason, as Patrick Henry said, "Make the most of it," for, as the "rapid-fire pote," Kipling, hath it:

"I can but paint the thing as I see it
For the God of things as they are."

My statement that the leading interest represented by the Seddon-Ward government is that of the English money lenders will no doubt surprise many of you. To show how substantial this interest is, I quote from the financial statement of the Acting Premier, Sir Joseph Ward, made in the House of Representatives, July 8th last. (By the way, Sir Joseph Ward, *mirabile dictu*, is considered by many "advanced" people to be "a good Socialist," and I am told considers himself to be so.)

The quotation is as follows:

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"The gross public debt on March 30, 1901, was £49,591,245. On March 31 last it was £52,966,447, or an increase of £3,375,202 for the year."

Consider what this means. A debt of \$250,000,000 on a population of 800,000. That means a debt of \$312 on every man, woman and child in the colony, and this debt growing at the rate of \$21 *per annum*. When you consider that in addition to this public debt there is the private indebtedness of the colony, most of which is owing to English capitalists, you will see that the English money loaners have very large interests to safeguard in New Zealand, and we may be sure those interests are not neglected. Sir Joseph proposes to borrow £1,750,000 this year, only £750,000 of which is to be expended on public works.

Surely no sensible administration which was honestly attempting to advance towards Socialism "a step at a time" would go on recklessly riveting tighter and tighter the golden chains which harness every man, woman and child in the colony to the chariot of the Lombard street money grubber. And what shall be said of an administration which asks for authority to borrow money, explaining that every time it spends three dollars on public works in wages to working men it will spend four dollars in departmental expenses, or, in other words, in salaries to political supporters?

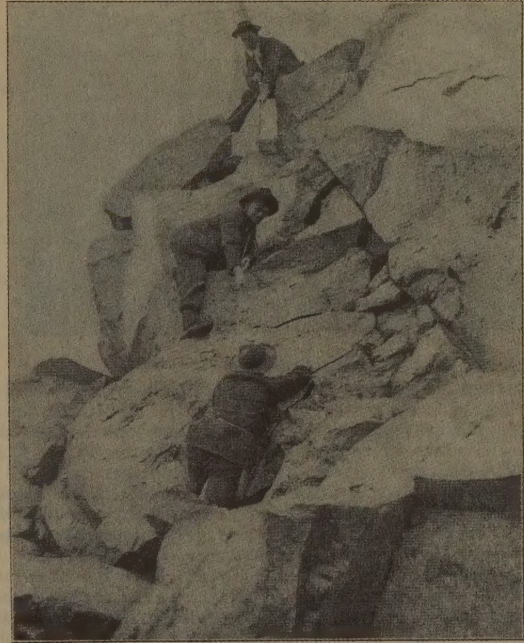
Some one may airily say that this debt need not alarm us, as the colony when Socialized will repudiate it. With all my heart would I agree were repudiation possible, but John Bull and his men-of-war will see to it there is no repudiation.

Sir Joseph Ward's comfort is as follows: "The value to the country of its railways to-day is more than sufficient to cover our national debt." As the colony, if Socialized, would never dream of selling its railways, this is rather cold comfort.

To the superficial observer, New Zealand appears the most intensely, even absurdly, loyal and patriotic of colonies. A year ago, when the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, now the Prince and Princess of Wales, visited us, a philosophical observer from Mars might well have been pardoned for concluding that these remote islands had been set apart as a home for the insane. But beneath the surface many a workingman might be heard growlingly asking, "What the Hell's all this fuss about? 'E's no better than you and me."

But Mr. Seddon is looking out for the vested interest of his backers, and he proved himself a genius in the art of advertising. He played Patriotism, Loyalty and Imperialism for all they were worth. Besides lavishing thousands and thousands of pounds on the receptions, etc., attendant upon the visit of the Duke and Duchess, he sent ten contingents to the Boer War. This was so far in excess of what New Zealand, population considered, could have been expected to do, that it gave New Zealand greater prominence before the British public than she ever enjoyed before. This both helped the flotation of New Zealand loans and increased the demand for New Zealand products. During the past year I have again and again noticed in the New Zealand *Times*, which may be said to be Mr. Seddon's personal organ, the heading, "Patriotism Pays." Under this heading would be noted an increased demand for or a rise in the price of New Zealand butter in some town or city in England. "Patriotism Pays," that is the milk in the cocoanut, but I wonder how the people would have taken it if Mr. Seddon had asked them to give him so many of their sons to be murdered as an advertisement of New Zealand butter.

During the present winter, while Mr. Seddon has been telling the English about the prosperity he has given to New Zealand, there have been meetings of the unemployed in Wellington and Auckland, and more swaggers have been "on the track" than for years. Surely it is not necessary for me to tell the readers of the COMRADE what a swagger is. But to make sure—I will. A swagger is simply a man out of work traveling the country in search of it. He rolls his earthly goods up into a "swag," which he carries on his back, much in the same fashion as a



Climbing the Ruapehu.

golfer carries his clubs. The most experienced swaggers make their swags as light as possible, but there are two essentials a swag must contain—blankets and a "billy." The latter is a small tin pail to boil tea in.

Swagging is recognized as necessary. Indeed, if a man goes into a town or city looking for work, he is told on every hand, "Why don't you go out in the country and look for work?" There's no excuse for any man being out of work in New Zealand. There's whips of work out in the country if you'll only go out and look for it." Swagging being thus recognized as the duty of a workingman out of a job, the people, "cockatoos" excepted, are kindly, and treat swaggers well. Workingmen are always willing to divide tobacco (and tobacco costs three times as much here as in America) with a swagger, and there are few sheep-stations or flax-mills in the colony where a swagger is not welcome to spend the night and get his supper and breakfast. Indeed, one swagger told me he ate so much mutton in swagging through the Hawke's Bay district, he was ashamed to look a sheep in the face.

The flax-mills during the past two years have absorbed the majority of the swaggers. While flax grows all over New Zealand, the majority of the mills are in the Manawatu district of the North Island. The flax is not what Americans know as flax, but is a giant rush or flag. It grows mainly in low land and swamps. The mills are rough, open sheds. The men sleep in a whare (Maori for small house), double or triple bunked, like a sleeping car, or in tents of their own. The mill boss provides food or "tucker" for about \$3 a week.

The hemp or fibre made from New Zealand flax is inferior to Manila hemp. But the troubles in the Philippines consequent upon the American market-grabbing policy of "benevolent assimilation," have seriously interfered with the shipments of Manila hemp to London. Hence, there has been an unprecedented demand for New Zealand hemp, and during the past year prices have, as it were, gone above high-water mark. Wages in the mills also advanced, but, of course, not in the

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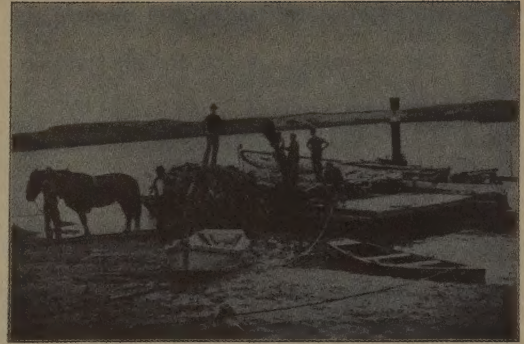
Flax Mills in the Manawatu District

same ratio, but sufficiently so to make the Manawatu district the best district in the colony for a wage-worker, for when wages in the mills are high, wages in other occupations rise too. As one station owner remarked, complainingly to me, "When flax is high I can never get men to work for fair wages."

But last fall (April) when the harvest in the South Island was over, the fame of the prosperity in the Manawatu brought men in shoals from the South Island, and the prosperity of the Manawatu (from the workingman's viewpoint) is no more.

The climate of New Zealand is almost ideal. It is true the rainfall sometimes appears excessive, but you can't have grass the year round without "whips" of moisture, as a New Zealander would say. All through the winter there are days which at noon are almost like June days at home. These beautiful days always follow sharp hoar frosts, and after three of them, one must expect rain; and I have known it to rain more or less every day for three weeks at a stretch. Near the west coast, the winds are terrific, and almost incessant. As a New Zealand poet puts it:

"For New Zealand's a spot just loosed out of pot,
And the wind there is never asleep."



Transporting Flax.

The apparent nearness of distant objects in Colorado and Arizona is always attributed to the dryness of the atmosphere. The same phenomenon is characteristic of New Zealand, and I am not scientist enough to account for it. Mount Ruapehu, an extinct volcano, some nine thousand feet high, in the centre of the North Island, is the most majestic peak I have ever seen. It is, of course, snow capped all the year, and in winter the snow extends as far down the sides as the eye can see. This mountain is sixty miles in a straight line from the town of Marton. But during some beautiful weather in June, when I was in Marton, as one looked north up Broadway, it was hard to believe that this noble mass did not rise immediately from the outskirts of the town. From Scott's Ferry, at the mouth of the Rangitikei river, some twenty-five miles further from it, I have seen it sometimes at sunset look equally near. But seen from there in the morning with the light of the winter sun full upon it, shining and scintillating with more than the dazzling brilliance of a diamond, it is a sight that amply repays one for coming to New Zealand, and renews one's courage to fight for a form of social organization more worthy of such a beautiful world.



Song of the Workers.

By Carmen Shafter.



ING of the workers, the laboring host,
Stitching and starving; what rich men can boast
They earn their clothing while we are their fags?
They dress in satins, and give us their rags.
Charity? Nay!
Justice, we pray!
Passes the night to give place to the day.
March we along,
Raise we our song;
Justice we'll have for each man of our throng.
Just hours and just pay and just shares our demands.

They hold our land, and they use it for game;
We die for their pleasure, the more is our shame;
Beggings our share, they pelt us with stones;
We are their dogs, and they fling us the bones.
Charity? Nay!
Justice, we pray!
Justice we'll have, let it come as it may.
March we and shout,
Fling the flags out,
Ballot, or bloodshed, our tyrants shall rout.
Free as the air shall be workbench and lands.

Ours is the labor that raises the wheat,
We bake the bread for the wealthy to eat;
Ours all the toil, and they feed us with dust;
They eat our bread and they toss us the crust.
Charity? Nay!
Justice, we pray!
Justice is coming, though long on the way.
March we and sing,
Joy we shall bring,
Hastens the time when each shall be king,
King of his labor and lord of his hands.

Into the Light.

By Grace Woodward Smith.



MARGARET finished putting the little table to rights, and stopped to admire the little dainty room. Just four weeks ago to-day, she and Charlie had been saying to each other at breakfast that morning, since they moved into this, their own little cottage. They had been married two years, these two, and now their dream of a home of their own was realized. To be sure, they still owed the Building and Loan Association two hundred dollars, but that would soon be paid, for Margaret meant to be so careful and economical, and make every cent count, and Charlie had a good position as bookkeeper in the American Steel and Wire Works. The works had been closed down a portion of the summer, but Charlie had been on full pay all the time, though some times for days and days at a stretch he did not do a day's work. Margaret felt sure that a company that was as good as that to an employe, knew a good man when it found one, and would do the right thing by him. So she sang blithely as she went from room to room, putting the last dainty touches to the supper table. How happy she was, and how dearly she loved the little cottage that she and Charlie had planned and built, and how proud she was to have such a sweet little home here in the town of her birth, among her kindred, schoolmates and friends. No wonder her song rang clearly, without a minor chord.

At six o'clock Charlie came slowly up the walk and paused a moment on the porch to look about him.

"I am going to have two flower beds in that corner of the yard next summer," said Margaret, coming to his side, "and I think I will plant a rose hedge on the south side."

A look of pain contracted Charlie's face for a moment, and putting his arm about his wife, they went in to their supper.

All through the meal Charlie replied with effort to Margaret's light chatter. At last his evident low spirits forced themselves on her notice.

"Aren't you well?" she asked, anxiously.

"Oh yes, quite well," he answered, smiling at her across the table.

"Then what makes you act so funny?" she exclaimed.

Charlie leaned his folded arms upon the table and bent toward her.

"Margaret," he said slowly, "I have to go to Chicago to work to-morrow, or be out of a position."

Margaret's eyes dilated.

"Go to Chicago to work to-morrow," she repeated; "but Chicago is two hundred miles away."

"Yes."

"Then how can you work there when our home is here?" And her lips quivered piteously.

Charlie smiled grimly. "It appears that the great American Steel and Wire Company does not take account of the affairs of its employes only so far as their working capabilities go. Further than that, the employe has ordinary feelings and emotions entirely at his own risk."

"When will you come back, Charlie?"

"I don't know."

"But it won't be long that you will have to stay there?"

"I hope not, sweetheart."

That night Margaret sobbed herself to sleep. In the morning Charlie kissed her good bye, and told her to keep a brave heart, and boarded the train for Chicago.

Margaret moped through the first two days, but brightened up when, on the second evening, came a letter from Charlie.

"Now, surely," she thought, "he will be able to tell me that he will not have to stay long, and will soon be home."

"Dear Margaret," ran the letter, in part, "I find that the work here is harder, in that the hours are longer than they were at home. And the salary is not as good, either. We could just manage to exist on it if you were here with me. I do not see any chance to be transferred home again. I had an interview with the department manager, and he said that he thought they had done all that they could for me. They had let several men go from the plant in our town, and if they gave me a place it had to be here, and at a reduced salary. The prospect is not very bright, but this is better than no job at all, and I do not know where I would look for another. But keep a brave heart, dear one!"

That night Margaret sobbed herself to sleep again. The days wore on, and became weeks, and the weeks rolled into months, and still Charlie worked at the desk in the city for a mere pittance, hoping all the time that his faithful service and close application would earn him an increase in salary. Meantime Margaret had stored their furniture and rented the little cottage, and had gone to live with her mother. Finally Charlie wrote to her to come up to him, so she came, and they lived in a little hall bedroom, and took one meal a day at a cheap restaurant. Margaret had grown thin and pale, and looked but the shadow of the girl that had sang three months before in the little cottage. One night Charlie stopped for a moment to see what was doing in a crowd that was gathered round a man mounted on a box at a street corner. The man was making a speech. The crowd was an interested one, and cheered the speaker heartily.

"You call this a free country, do you?" said the soap box orator. "Well, let me tell you how free you are. You are free to compete with each other at the factory gates. You are free to throw up your positions, but when you do that you throw away the bread of your families. You are free to quit work whenever you want to, for there are plenty of men with starving families that are eager to take your places. But can you and your families quit eating while you enjoy your freedom?"

"But you have a free ballot, and, if you are men, you will vote for your own interests, and your interests are not those of the capitalist class, but those of the working class. We are verging on troublous times. It is the time for the working man to think; the time is coming, it is not far distant, when if those of us who can think, don't act, those of us who don't think will act, and in such a time woe will be the portion of the whole people."

Charlie Ware bought a pamphlet on Socialism from a man that was circulating among the crowd, and went home. He had been a life-long republican; he had never considered for a moment that his political creed might be at variance with his material interests, but some of the words of the soap box speaker had made a deep impression on him.

"You are free to compete with each other at the factory gates," "yes, and at the door of the manager's office, too," he said. "There are three idle bookkeepers for every bookkeeper's desk in the city, I make no doubt." But the concern for which I work makes enormous profits. I read in the paper the other day that the man who holds the controlling interest in it gave a five hundred dollar tip to the waiter that served him at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, the other day. And I am not able to keep up the interest on the mortgage on our little cottage."

THE COMRADE.

These were his words to Margaret when they had finished reading the pamphlet he brought home with him.

"But, Charlie, I don't quite understand it all," said Margaret, piteously. "I always thought it was all right to be a republican."

"I don't quite understand it, either, sweetheart," said Charlie, with the first real laugh that had escaped his lips for weeks, "but I do believe that something is wrong somewhere, and it

may be that these fellows have the solution. Anyway, let's follow it up, and see what they have to offer."

And so it came about that Charlie and Margaret hunted up the Socialist meetings, and became regular attendants. In time they joined a branch, and are now working with might and main for Socialism. Margaret says they probably will not be able to save their little cottage home back in Indiana, but in the good time coming they hope to have an ideal home.



The Træumerei of the Collective Soul.

By Wm. L. Benesi.



COME, let us sit on yonder verdant knoll,
Bask'd in the warm blush of
Aurora's gleam;
Come, Idealia, with thy new-born
theme:

The Træumerei of the collective soul.

And on the ripple of life's fitful stream
Let us fling rose leaves cull'd in Hebe's bower,
For none can rob us of our new-found power,
Tho' some may scorn it as a vapid dream.

Come, let us profit by this pregnant hour,
For my soul quivers with a brave desire
To drink the music of the magic lyre
As dew is drunk by an expectant flower.

Then Idealia doth my soul inspire,
And I can reason with the living space,
While myriad orbs whirl on in silent race,
Urged by the impulse of a psychic fire.

Thus, in the cosmos everywhere I trace
This mystic force which permeates the whole,
And on the wings of the collective soul
I soar to scan the Sphinx's stolid face.

"Cease to remain in thy misleading role—
Tear off thy mask, thou enigmatic freak;
Thou hast no secret that I need, or seek,
To aid me reach the fascinating goal.

"Aye, hold thy peace, and let live silence speak
With myriad voices—yet, attuned as one;
Let them reveal the omniscient plan
That urges mankind to the crowning peak."

Lo! saith the silence, let thy spirit scan
The thoughts and deeds that hoary Time hath
seen,

And kept a record, accurate and clean—
The mutual efforts of collective man.



And if blunt Chronus, with a falchion keen,
Severs the bond that binds all mortal chaff,
The Fates are just, nor do they sigh or laugh
At worn-out carcass of pleb, king, or queen.

Dives gaily may the ruby nectar quaff,
And scorn the pauper thirsting at the gate;
Yet soon both lay in decomposing state,
Equal at last 'neath Nature's epitaph!

Aye! but the soul, fair vestal inviolate,
Like phoenix rises from the sad decay,
And urges all to choose the better way:
The mutual good—the final postulate.

For none may prosper in his selfish day
Who hoards his substance with a miser's greed,
And pins a blind faith in a narrow creed,
Perceiving not the soul's illumining ray.

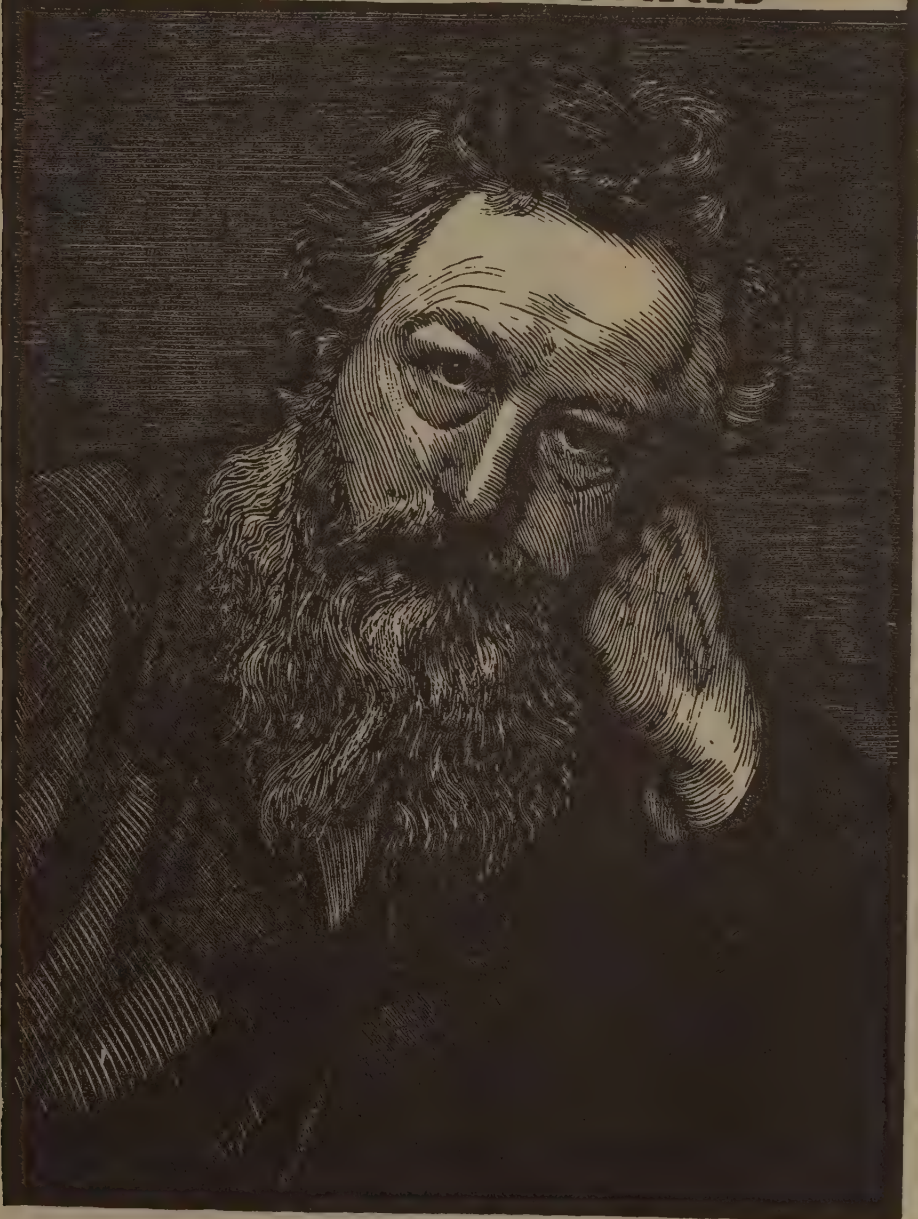
For none may conquer with sophistic screed
The simple-hearted, and forever hold
An upright conscience in distorted mould;
For it rebels then, and the soul is freed.

And ever watching the collective fold,
It strives to lead it far from pastures bleak,
Teaching the strong to alleviate the weak,
That all may reach the altruistic wold.

Oh! comrades, listen! hear the silence speak!
Come drink the words that gladden and console;
Heed not the cant of sophists who cajole;
For Truth is lavish to the ones who seek.

And as we glide toward the shining goal,
Borne on the tide of life's eternal stream,
Let us intone fair Idealia's theme:
The Træumerei of the Collective Soul.

• WILLIAM • MORRIS •



Courtesy of The Book Lover.

"One day we shall win back Art again to our daily labor, win
back Art, that is to say the pleasure of life, to the people"

WILLIAM MORRIS.

THE COMRADE.



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EDITORIAL.

YOU AND OURSELVES.



ESPIE the stern truth that the fundamental facts of our social system mock its very utterance, there is something inspiring in the great universal greeting, "A Glad New Year." It betokens a deep-seated and universal yearning for a life of common joy: a strong elemental sense of united and interdependent interests, which not even the blighting influences of centuries of greed and oppression have destroyed. The communal interest upon which the early life of the race rested is not dead. It cannot die. It is eternal. Behind the mere conventions of artificial society there is a very real meaning. Brother greets brother with the wish of joy; friend speaks to friend, and stranger to stranger. What if the word is oftimes lightly spoken? Are not the holiest sentiments, the profoundest truths lightly uttered? By its universality, by the unconscious ease with which it is spoken, it stands as a pledge of the great comrade-instinct of humanity.

So "A Glad New Year" to our readers, wherever they may be. Joy to those who love us, even though their love be small. Love (which is the source of joy) to those who love us not. Joy unto all men! As universal as the need of joy is our wish. We exclude none. The comrade-spirit is all-inclusive. Nor is the wish vain. Capitalism, breeder of Strife and Sorrow and Despair, mocks us awhile, but not for long. Socialism comes! Socialism, the Peace-giver! Socialism, the Joy-giver! Socialism, the Hope-giver! In all the lands:—
"Mighty hopes are blowing wide:
Passionate prefigurings of a world revived!
Fawning thoughts, that, ere they set,
Shall possess the ages yet."

* * *

Nineteen hundred and two will be remembered as a memorable year in the history of American Socialism. The marked improvement in the conduct of our propaganda, the improved quality of our literature, and the increased sense of responsibility of our mem-

bers, have resulted in a truly magnificent increase of our vote. We enter upon the work of the new year with renewed courage and strength. If every comrade in our ranks consecrates himself, or herself, anew to the glorious work, and regards every day and every hour of the year before us in the light of the opportunity of serving the cause which it presents, Socialism will make even greater strides than in the memorable year that is passed.

Comrades, this is the season when we make for ourselves lofty resolutions. Let us together, the humblest and the greatest in service, drink long and deep at the fountain of our inspiration and enthusiasm, and go forth to the fight resolved to use all the opportunities of the year for Socialism!

* * *

If we take advantage of the fitness of the season to speak of ourselves, and our work, it is not without some diffidence. We have never regarded talking about ourselves as a very dignified or necessary mission. Even were good taste lacking, the needs of the movement would forbid a policy of self-adulation. The purpose of *THE COMRADE* is to serve the movement, not to advertise its editor, or any other individual. Some of our friends, however, have importuned us from time to time to be as frank in stating our aims to our readers in general as we have been to them in reply to their personal solicitations. And because we believe that there is enough of true comradeship between ourselves and our readers to justify our doing this, we have chosen to make it the theme of a brief New Year's Confession of Faith.

We pledge ourselves to the Socialist Party (known in New York as the Social Democratic Party), and endeavor loyally to serve its interests. The platform and policy of that party are our guiding principles. We stand pledged to the principles of International Socialism without any qualifying adjectives or phrases.

But there are many other papers in the country devoted to our political propaganda, conducted by men of brilliant talents; there are papers in which our theories are capably and carefully expounded by men of undoubted ability and learning. Therefore, we have not felt called upon to deal extensively in these pages either with the political propaganda of the party, or with questions of theory. From the first we have felt that in these directions there was little or no need of our efforts.

But if Socialism is to succeed, there must be something more than a political movement. If the wealth-producing class, at present despoiled and downtrodden, is ever to assume the control and direction of the world, it must develop itself to the fullest possible extent. Not least important is the need of developing its literary and artistic powers. Labor must develop its own art and its own literature. The great anthems of Labor and Comradeship must come from the ranks of labor. Genius is not confined to the upper crust of society. In tenement, factory, workshop and mine there is genius of poet, of singer, and of painter; but it finds no expression; and it cannot find full expression under capitalism. Yet a partial expression is possible even under capitalism, provided that it is not repressed. But the capitalist press does not want poems and articles that voice the discontent of the workers and their aspirations for a higher life. It does not want art that satirizes commercial society from the point of view of awakened labor. It does not publish these things. So, the genius of labor is denied a hearing so long as it is true to itself, and to the faith from which it springs. Labor must provide its own means of expressing itself.

These observations fairly comprehend the reasons which induced us to launch our frail

bark upon the troubled seas of Socialist journalism. From the very first issue we have tried to live up to the task we set for ourselves, to develop the latent genius in our own ranks. With what measure of success our efforts have been met is a matter upon which we shall not attempt to speak. Not a few aspirants have assured us of their gratitude because we held out a helping hand, and gave them the opportunity—so long sought, and so coldly denied by the custodians of an unfriendly press. That we deem sufficient. And if at times in the pursuit of that policy we have published things which, judged by the ordinary canons of criticism, were crude and rough, we have no apology to offer. We have no right to expect anything else. To publish nothing but great art and great literature would be much more pleasant, and infinitely easier. There are the inexhaustible treasures of all the centuries from which we may freely draw. But if we did that we should merely add another paper to the long list of those imposed upon the movement from without. That was not our purpose. We sought, and are seeking, to develop a journal of art and life and literature from within the movement itself.

Heterodox as it may seem, and contrary to well-established principles, we nevertheless affirm that some of the crudest things we have ever published have given us greater pleasure than the most perfect have done. We have published designs and cartoons, for example, above the average in conception, but lacking some essential qualities. Perhaps there were faults of technique. We saw the faults, perhaps oftener than the most critical of our readers. But we knew that the artist was a worker who had toiled all day in the mine or in the factory, at the bench or the forge. It is always easy to discourage talent struggling under such adverse conditions. So we published when we could, praised what we could, and criticised gently, but with perfect frankness; and the next effort has, in most cases, been better. Sometimes a discerning reader—perhaps it was you—has praised the work kindly, and we have passed the word on to cheer the artist in his work. Some other people have steeped their pens in gall, and abused artist and editor and all others concerned, and we've kept it to ourselves. We are used to it; why should we add to the troubles of the poor soul struggling against fearful odds? We don't want you to stop the criticisms, and are not particular how hot you make them; but if you see anything to praise, and praise it, the word may cheer the other fellow. See?

Some there are to whom these things do not apply. We shall not name them, but set down the simple fact. Men whose names rank high in contemporary art and literature, with pencil and brush and pen have given us of their best. They, too, are of the faith, and by their service, in no spirit of patronage, but of help and comradeship, have, by their example, done much to encourage and aid the work. They have aided not only by encouraging the humbler and less fortunate aspiring ones, but also by revealing to them new beauties and pointing the way to loftier heights.

To them, the greatest and the least of those who have given us loving service, we send glad greeting, and to you, also, whether for your patience, your kindly encouragement, or your impatient censure. For we have profited by it all.

So here's "A Glad New Year!" You will, perhaps, understand us better now, and as we travel together to the year's close, maybe we shall see new beauty in our common love and new joy in our common labor. S.,

The God of Status Quo.

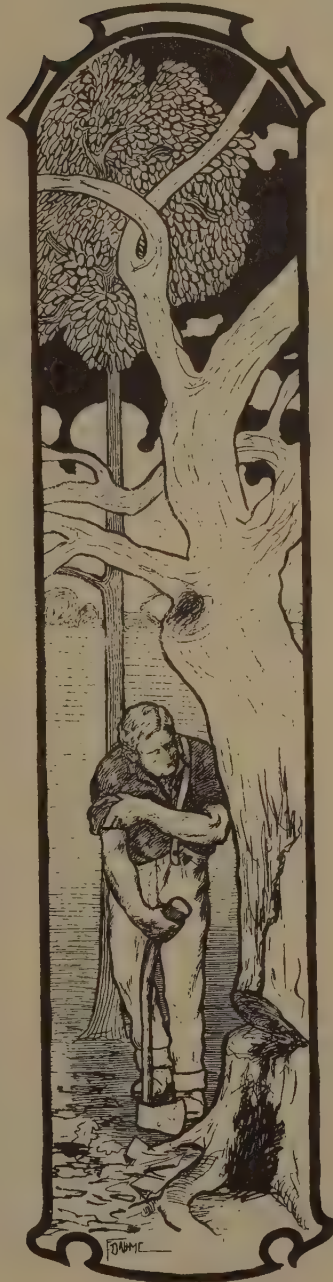
By Owen R. Lovejoy.



HE prophet of a better social order meets his most depressing hindrances, not from the oppressors of humanity, with their misapplied theory of "The Survival of the Fittest" and their cynical retort that "Business is business," but rather from the cry of the oppressed against his mission of emancipation. Poverty, stupefied by the fatalism of a pseudo-Christianity, lifts its dull eyes from hunger and rags to say, "Whatever is, is best;" "It is God's will, and His will must be done."

Sixty per cent. of the children of the tenements in New York die before they reach the age of a year, while in the better quarters of the city only twelve per cent. die before that age. Yet we are told by the tearful mother as she bends with broken heart over the little shadow of her dead babe in the filthy, dark and stuffy tenement, that it was the will of God and His will is best. And when the neighbors come in to sit with her in mute sympathy the ordained herald of the Great Evangel stands at the little bier and pleads with the stricken parents to be reconciled to this mysterious providence of God, who knows best, and who desired this little blossom for His own heavenly gardens.

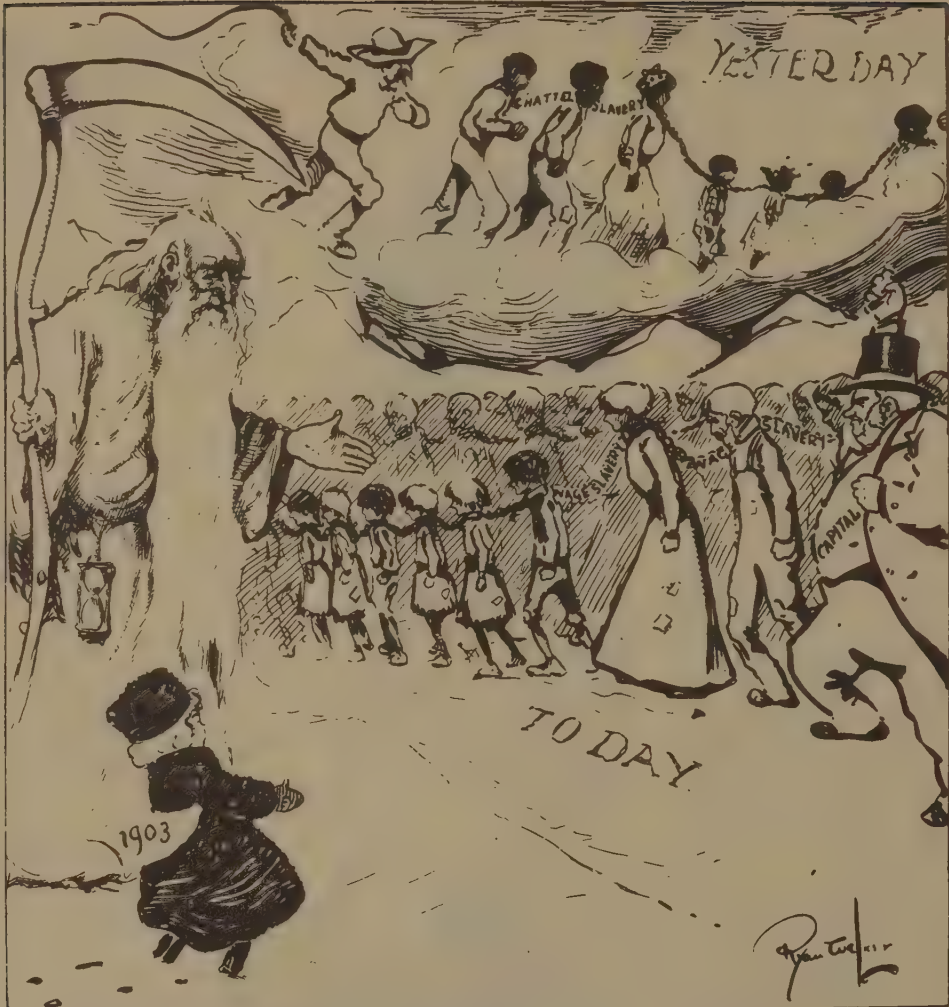
What blasphemy of the holy God and the holy Child! Charles Kingsley wrote the naked truth when he said of such a tragedy that it is not the will of God, but of the devil and the selfish landlord and the greedy robber of the wages of the poor. It is granted that, with the rapid developments of factory production in the past century, it would have been quite too much to expect that human virtue and intelligence would have filled the demands of the labor market and at the same time provided a home of light and comfort to the factory toiler. But if our medical science has so developed that the lives of all the babies excepting 12 per cent. can be preserved, and yet we permit places to exist where an additional 48 per cent. of these little innocents are slaughtered by foul air, poor nutrition, parental ignorance, or accumulated dirt, then, unless we protest against such wrongs we join the company of Herod



and are deaf to the cry of Rachel weeping over her children, because they are not. God's will, indeed! When the world shall have taken this Calvinistic God-of-the-things-that-exist and shall have thrown it upon the facts of Life until it is utterly broken, then we may hope that every form of human bondage will meet its doom.

"There is in human affairs," says Emile de Laveye, "one order which is the best. That order is not always the one which exists, but it is the order which should exist. God knows it and wills it; man's duty it is to discover and establish it." And that divine order, if we believe that man is anything more than a patent digester, is not the order by which the few live upon the toil of the many, not the order by which are produced industrial panics, an army of tramps, cities reeking with foul stench and fouler crimes, a motherhood robbed of the opportunity of maternal development, a fatherhood pushed to the extremity of honesty—often pushed rudely beyond,—a childhood which promises maturity in nothing but in suffering and guilt. And all this in the midst of gorgeous buildings and whizzing factories, and splendid systems of traffic and palatial homes, and sweet scented fields and lawns and forests, and music and books and paintings to cheer the soul of man to his divine fellowship.

If there is a God of whose nature the world can know anything, and if that God is in character anything like the Being whom the Nazarene said he came to reveal, then this order which is praised as the glorious achievement of our Christian civilization, is not God's order, but rather the crude and faulty attempt of man to reach that order. And this attempt will be successful, not by a stupid satisfaction with our present attainment, but by the aggressive application of all the truth that human love and industry can discover, both in stamping out injustice, whether of particular acts or of general systems; and in the establishment of such principles in society as shall guarantee to every man the opportunity for an existence worthy his moral destiny.



1903: "I thought I should find Freedom on the Earth when I came".

Father Time: "No, my son—I've only changed the style of the chains,—and the color of the slaves."

Enemies by Edict.



HO are you at Washington who presume to declare me the enemy of anybody, or to declare any nation my enemy?

However great you may be, I altogether deny your authority to sow enmity and hatred in my soul.

I refuse to accept your ready-made enemies, and, if I did accept them, I should feel bound to love them; and, loving them, would you have me caress them with bombshells and bayonets?

When I want enemies, I reserve the right to manufacture them for myself.

If I am ever scoundrel enough to wish to kill, I will do my own killing, on my own account, and not hide myself behind your license.

Before God your commissions and warrants and enlistment rolls, relieving men of conscience and independence and manhood, are not worth the paper they are written on.

Away with all your superstitions of a statecraft worse than priestcraft!

Hypnotize fools and cowards if you will, but for my part, I choose to be a man.

ERNEST CROSBY in "Swords and Plowshares".



News from Nowhere.

By William Morris.

(Continued.)



WHEN I did wake, to a beautiful sunny morning, I leapt out of bed with my over-night apprehensions still clinging to me, which vanished delightfully, however, in a moment as I looked around my little sleeping chamber and saw the pale but pure-colored figures painted on the plaster of the wall, with verses written underneath them which I knew somewhat over well. I dressed speedily, in a suit of blue laid ready for me, so handsome that I quite blushed when I had got into it, feeling as I did so that excited pleasure of anticipation of a holiday, which, well remembered as it was, I had not felt since I was a boy, new come home for the summer holidays.

It seemed quite early in the morning, and I expected to have the hall to myself when I came into it out of the corridor wherein was my sleeping chamber, but I met Annie at once, who let fall her broom and gave me a kiss, quite meaningless, I fear, except as betokening friendship, though she reddened as she did it, not from shyness, but from friendly pleasure, and then stood and picked up her broom again, and went on with her sweeping, nodding to me as if to bid me stand out of the way and look on; which, to say the truth, I thought amusing enough, as there were five other girls helping her, and their graceful figures engaged in the leisurely work were worth going a long way to see, and their merry talk and laughing as they swept in quite a scientific manner, was worth going a long way to hear. But Annie presently threw me back a word or two as she went on to the other end of the hall: "Guest," she said, "I am glad that you are up early, though we wouldn't disturb you; for our Thames is a lovely river at half past six on a June morning; and as it would be a pity for you to lose it, I am told just to give you a cup of milk and a bit of bread outside there, and put you into the boat; for Dick and Clara are all ready now. Wait half a minute till I have swept down this row."

So presently she let her broom drop again, and came and took me by the hand and led me out on to the terrace above the river, to a little table under the boughs, where my bread and milk took the form of as dainty a breakfast as anyone could desire, and then sat by me as I ate. And in a minute or two Dick and Clara came to me, the latter looking most fresh and beautiful in a light silk embroidered gown, which to my unused eyes was extravagantly gay and bright; while Dick was also handsomely dressed in white flannel prettily embroidered. Clara raised her gown in her hands as she gave me the morning greeting, and said laughingly: "Look, guest! you see we are at least as fine as any of the people you felt inclined to scold last night; you see we are not going to make the bright day and the flowers feel ashamed of themselves. Now scold me!"

Quoth I: "No, indeed; the pair of you seem as if you were born out of the summer day itself; and I will scold you when I scold it."

"Well, you know," said Dick, "this is a special day—all these days are, I mean. The hay harvest is in some ways better than corn harvest because of the beautiful weather; and really, unless you had worked in the hayfield in fine weather, you couldn't tell what pleasant work it is. The women look so pretty at it, too," he said shyly; "so, all things considered, I think we are right to adorn it in a simple manner."

"Do the women work at it in silk dresses?" said I, smiling.

Dick was going to answer me soberly, but Clara put her hand over his mouth, and said: "No, no, Dick; not too much information for him, or I shall think that you are your old kinsman again. Let him find out for himself; he will not have long to wait."

"Yes," quoth Annie, "don't make your description of the picture too fine, or else he will be disappointed when the curtain is drawn. I don't want him to be disappointed. But now it's time for you to be gone, if you are to have the best of the tide, and also of the sunny morning. Good-bye, guest."

She kissed me in her frank, friendly way, and almost took away from me my desire for the expedition thereby; but I had to get over that, as it was clear that so delightful a woman would hardly be without a due lover of her own age. We went down the steps of the landing stage, and got into a pretty boat, not too light to hold us and our belongings comfortably, and handsomely ornamented; and just as we got in, down came Boffin and the weaver to see us off. The former had now veiled his splendor in a due suit of working clothes, crowned with a fantail hat, which he took off, however, to wave us farewell with his grave old Spanish-like courtesy. Then Dick pushed off into the stream, and bent vigorously to his sculls, and Hammersmith, with its noble trees and beautiful water-side houses, began to slip away from us.

As we went, I could not help putting beside his promised picture of the hayfield, as it was then the picture of it as I remembered it, and especially the images of the women engaged in the work, rose up before me; the row of gaunt figures, lean, flat-breasted, ugly, without a grace of form or face about them, dressed in wretched skimpy print gowns and hideous flapping sunbonnets, moving their rakes in a listless, mechanical way. How often had that marred the loveliness of the June day to me; how often had I longed to see the hayfields peopled with men and women worthy of the sweet abundance of midsummer, of its endless wealth of beautiful sights, and delicious sounds and scents. And now, the world had grown older and wiser, and I was to see my hope realized at last!

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CHAPTER XXII.

HAMPTON COURT, AND A PRAISER OF PAST TIMES.



On we went, Dick rowing in an easy, tireless way, and Clara sitting by my side, admiring his manly beauty and heartily good-natured face, and thinking, I fancy, of nothing else. As we went higher up the river, there was less difference between the Thames of that day and the Thames as I remembered it; for setting aside the hideous vulgarity of the cockney villas of the well-to-do, stockbrokers, and other such, which in olden time marred the beauty of the bough-hung banks, even this beginning of the country Thames was always beautiful; and as we slipped between the lovely summer greenery I almost felt my youth come back to me, and as if I were on one of those water excursions which I used to enjoy so much in days when I was too happy to think that there could be much amiss anywhere.

At last we came to a reach of the river where on the left hand a very pretty village with some old houses in it came down to the edge of the water, over which was a ferry; and beyond these houses the elm-beset meadows ended in a fringe of tall willows, while on the right hand went the tow-path and a clear space before a row of trees, which rose up behind, huge and ancient, the ornaments of a great park; but these drew back still further from the river at the end of the reach to make way for a little town of quaint and pretty houses, some new, some old, dominated by the long walls and sharp gables of a great red-brick pile of buildings, partly of the latest Gothic, partly of the court style of Dutch William, but so blended together by the bright sun and beautiful surroundings, including the bright blue river, which it looked down upon, that even amidst the beautiful buildings of that new happy time it had a strange charm about it. A great wave of fragrance, amidst which the lime-tree blossom was clearly to be distinguished, came down to us from its unseen gardens, as Clara sat up in her place and said:

"O Dick, dear, couldn't we stop at Hampton Court for to-day, and take the guest about the park a little, and show him those sweet old buildings? Somehow I suppose because you have lived so near it, you have seldom taken me to Hampton Court."

Dick rested on his oars a little, and said: "Well, well, Clara, you are lazy to-day. I didn't feel like stopping short of Shepperton for the night; suppose we just go and have our dinner at the Court, and go on again about five o'clock?"

"Well," she said, "so be it; but I should like the guest to have spent an hour or two in the Park."

"The Park!" said Dick; "why, the whole Thames-side is a park this time of the year; and for my part, I had rather lie under an elm tree on the borders of a wheat-field, with the bees humming about me, and the corncrake crying from furrow to furrow, than in any park in England. Besides—"

"Besides," said she, "you want to get on to your dearly-loved upper Thames, and show your prowess down the heavy swathes of the mowing grass."

She looked at him fondly, and I could tell that she was seeing him in her mind's eye showing his splendid form at its best amidst the rhymed strokes of the scythes; and she looked down at her own pretty feet with half a sigh, as though she were contrasting her slight woman's beauty with his man's beauty; as women will when they are really in love, and are not spoiled with conventional sentiment.

As for Dick, he looked at her admiringly a while, and then said at last: "Well, Clara, I do wish we were there! But, hilloa! we are getting back way." And he set to work sculling again, and in two minutes we were all standing on the gravelly strand below the bridge, which, as you may imagine, was no longer the old, hideous iron abortion, but a handsome piece of very solid oak framing.

We went into the Court and straight into the great hall, so well remembered, where there were tables spread for dinner, and everything arranged much as in Hammersmith guest hall. Dinner over, we sauntered through the ancient rooms, where the pictures and tapestry were still preserved, and nothing was much changed, except that the people whom we met there had an indefinable kind of look of being at home and at ease, which communicated itself to me, so that I felt that the beautiful old place was mine in the best sense of the word; and my pleasure of past days seemed to add itself to that of to-day, and filled my whole soul with content.

Dick (who, in spite of Clara's gibe, knew the place very well) told me that the beautiful old Tudor rooms, which I remembered had been the dwellings of the lesser fry of Court flunkies, were now much used by people coming and going; for, beautiful as architecture had now become, and although the whole face of the country had quite recovered its beauty, there was still a sort of tradition of pleasure and beauty which clung to that group of buildings, and people thought going to Hampton Court a necessary summer outing, as they did in the days when London was so grimy and miserable. We went into some of the rooms, looking into the old garden, and were well received by the people in them, who got speedily into talk with us, and looked with politely half-concealed wonder at my strange face. Besides these birds of passage, and a few regular dwellers in the place, we saw out in the meadows near the garden, down "the Long Water," as it used to be called, many gay tents, with men, women and children round about them. As it seemed, this pleasure-loving people were fond of tent life, with all its inconveniences, which, indeed, they turned into pleasure also.

We left this old friend by the time appointed, and I made some feeble show of taking the sculls; but Dick repulsed me, not much to my grief, I must say, as I found I had quite enough to do between the enjoyment of the beautiful time and my own lazily blended thoughts.

As to Dick, it was quite right to let him pull, for he was as strong as a horse, and had the greatest delight in bodily exercise, whatever it was. We really had some difficulty in getting him to stop when it was getting rather more than dusk, and the moon was brightening just as we were off Runnymede. We landed there, and were looking about for a place whereon to pitch our tents (for we had brought two with us) when an old man came up to us, bade us good evening, and asked if we were housed for that night; and finding that we were not, bade us home to his house. Nothing loth, we went with him, and Clara took his hand in a coaxing way which I noticed she used with old men; and as we went on our way, made some commonplace remark about the beauty of the day. The old man stopped short, and looked at her and said: "You really like it, then?"

"Yes," she said, looking very much astonished. "Don't you?"

"Well," said he, "perhaps I do. I did, at any rate, when I was younger; but now, I think I should like it cooler."

She said nothing, and went on, the night growing about as dark as it would be; till, just at the rise of the hill, we came to a hedge with a gate in it, which the old man unlatched and led us into a garden, at the end of which we could see a little house, one of the windows of which was already yellow with candle-light. We could see, even under the doubtful light of the moon, and the last of the western glow, that the garden was stuffed full of flowers; and the fragrance it gave out in the gathering coolness was so wonderfully sweet that it seemed the very heart of the delight of the June dusk; so that we three stopped instinctively, and Clara gave forth a little sweet "O," like a bird beginning to sing.

"What's the matter?" said the old man, a little testily, and pulling at her hand. "There's no dog; or have you trodden on a thorn and hurt your foot?"

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"No, no, neighbor," she said; "but how sweet, how sweet it is!"

"Of course it is," said he, "but do you care so much for that?"

She laughed out musically, and we followed suit in our gruffer voices; and then she said: "Of course I do, neighbor; don't you?"

"Well, I don't know," quoth the old fellow; then he added, as if somewhat ashamed of himself: "Besides, you know, when the waters are out, and all Runnymede is flooded, it's none so pleasant."

"I should like it," quoth Dick. "What a jolly sail one would get about here on the floods on a bright January morning!"

"Would you like it?" said our host. "Well, I won't argue with you, neighbor; it isn't worth while. Come in and have some supper."

We went up a paved path between the roses, and straight into a very pretty room, paneled and carved, and as clean as a new pin; but the chief ornament of which was a young woman, light-haired and grey-eyed, but with her face and hands and bare feet tanned quite brown with the sun. Though she was very lightly clad, that was clearly from choice, not from poverty, though these were the first cottage-dwellers I had come across; for her gown was of silk, and on her wrists were bracelets that seemed to me of great value. She was lying on a sheepskin near the window, but jumped up as soon as we entered, and when she saw the guests behind the old man she clapped her hands and cried out with pleasure; and when she got us into the middle of the room, fairly danced around us in delight of our company.

"What!" said the old man, "you are pleased, are you, Ellen?"

The girl danced up to him and threw her arms around him, and said: "Yes, I am, and so ought you to be, grandfather."

"Well, well, I am," said he, "as much as I can be pleased. Guests, please be seated."

This seemed rather strange to us; stranger, I suspect, to my friends than to me; but Dick took the opportunity of both the host and his granddaughter being out of the room to say to me, softly: "A grumbler; there are a few of them still. Once upon a time, I am told, they were quite a nuisance."

The old man came in as he spoke and sat down beside us with a sigh, which, indeed, seemed fetched up as if he wanted us to take notice of it; but just then the girl came in with the victuals, and the carle missed his mark, what between our hunger generally, and that I was pretty busy watching the granddaughter moving about, as beautiful as a picture.

Everything to eat and drink, though it was somewhat different to what we had in London, was better than good, but the old man eyed rather sulkily the chief dish on the table, on which lay a leash of fine perch, and said:

"H'm, perch! I am sorry we can't do better for you, guests. The time was when we might have had a good piece of salmon up from London for you; but the times have grown mean and petty."

"Yes, but you might have had it now," said the girl, giggling, "if you had known that they were coming."

"It's our fault for not bringing it with us, neighbors," said Dick, good humoredly. "But if the times have grown petty, at any rate the perch haven't; that fellow in the middle there must have weighed a good two pounds when he was showing his dark stripes and red fins to the minnows yonder. And as to the salmon, why, neighbor, my friend here, who comes from the outlands, was quite surprised yesterday morning when I told him we had plenty of salmon at Hammersmith. I am sure I have heard nothing of the times worsening."

He looked a little uncomfortable. And the old man, turning to me, said very courteously:

"Well, sir, I am happy to see a man from over the water; but I really must appeal to you to say whether on the whole you are not better off in your country, where, I suppose, from what our guest says, you are brisker and more alive, because

you have not wholly got rid of competition. You see, I have read not a few books of the past days, and certainly *they* are much more alive than those which are written now; and good, sound, unlimited competition was the condition under which they were written—if we didn't know that from the record of history, we should know it from the books themselves. There is a spirit of adventure in them, and signs of a capacity to extract good out of evil, which our literature quite lacks now; and I cannot help thinking that our moralists and historians exaggerate hugely the unhappiness of the past days, in which such splendid works of imagination and intellect were produced."

Clara listened to him with restless eyes, as if she were excited and pleased; Dick knitted his brow, and looked still more uncomfortable, but said nothing. Indeed, the old man gradually, as he warmed to his subject, dropped his sneering manner, and both spoke and looked very seriously. But the girl broke out before I could deliver myself of the answer I was framing:

"Books, books! always books, grandfather! When will you understand that, after all, it is the world we live in which interests us; the world of which we are a part, and which we can never love too much? Look!" she said, throwing open the casement window, and showing us the white light sparkling between the black shadows of the moonlit garden, through which ran a little shiver of the summer night wind; "look! these are our books in these days!—and these," she said, stepping lightly up to the two lovers and laying a hand on each of their shoulders; "and the guest there, with his over-sea knowledge and experience—yes, and even you, grandfather" (a smile ran over her face as she spoke), "with all your grumbling and wishing yourself back in the good old days—in which, as far as I can make out, a harmless and lazy old man like you would either have pretty nearly starved, or have had to pay soldiers and people to take the folk's victuals and clothes and houses away from them by force. Yes, these are our books; and if we want more, can we not find work to do in the beautiful buildings that we raise up all over the country (and I know there was nothing like them in past times), wherein a man can put forth whatever is in him, and make his hands set forth his mind and his soul."

She paused a little, and I for my part could not help staring at her, and thinking that if she were a book, the pictures in it were most lovely. The color mantled in her delicate sunburnt cheeks; her gray eyes, light amidst the tan of her face, kindly looked on us all as she spoke. She paused, and said again:

"As for your books, they were well enough for times when intelligent people had but little else in which they could take pleasure, and when they must needs supplement the sordid miseries of their own lives with imaginations of the lives of other people. But I say flatly that in spite of all their cleverness and vigor, and capacity for story telling, there is something loathsome about them. Some of them, indeed, do here and there show some feeling for those whom the history books call 'poor,' and of the misery of whose lives we have some inkling; but presently they give it up, and toward the end of the story we must be contented to see the hero and heroine living happily in an island of bliss on other people's troubles; and that after a long series of sham troubles (or mostly sham) of their own making, illustrated by dreary introspective nonsense about their feelings and aspirations, and all the rest of it; while the world must even then have gone on its way, and dug and sewed and baked and built and carpentered around about these useless—animals."

"There!" said the old man, reverting to his dry, sulky manner again. "There's eloquence! I suppose you like it!"

"Yes," said I, very emphatically.

"Well," said he, "now the storm of eloquence has lulled for a little, suppose you answer my question—that is, if you like, you know," quoth he, with a sudden access of courtesy.

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Illustrations by H. G. Jentsch.

"What question?" said I. For I must confess that Ellen's strange and almost wild beauty had put it out of my head.

Said he: "First of all (excuse my catechising), is there competition in life, after the old kind, in the country whence you come?"

"Yes," said I, "it is the rule there." And I wondered, as I spoke, what fresh complications I should get into as a result of this answer.

"Question two," said the carle: "Are you not, on the whole, much freer, more energetic—in a word, healthier and happier—for it?"

I smiled. "You wouldn't talk so if you had any idea of our life. To me you seem here as if you were living in heaven, compared with us of the country from which I came."

"Heaven?" said he; "you like heaven, do you?"

"Yes," said I—snappishly, I am afraid, for I was beginning rather to resent his formula.

"Well, I am far from sure that I do," quoth he. "I think one may do more with one's life than sitting on a damp cloud and singing hymns."

I was rather nettled by this inconsequence, and said: "Well, neighbor, to be short, and without using metaphors, in the land whence I come, where the competition which produced those literary works which you admire so much is still the rule, most people are thoroughly unhappy; here, to me, at least, most people seem thoroughly happy."

"No offence, guest—no offence," said he, "but let me ask you; you like that, do you?"

His formula, put with such obstinate persistence, made us all laugh heartily, and even the old man joined in the laughter on the sly. However, he was by no means beaten, and said presently:

"From all I can hear, I should judge that a young woman so beautiful as my dear Ellen yonder would have been a lady, as they called it in the old time, and wouldn't have had to wear a few rags of silk as she does now, or to have browned herself in the sun, as she has to do now. What do you say to that, eh?"

Here Clara, who had been pretty much silent hitherto, struck in, and said: "Well, really, I don't think that you would have mended matters, or that they want mending. Don't you see that she is dressed deliciously for this beautiful weather? And as for the sun-burning of your hayfields, why, I hope to pick up some of that for myself when we get a little higher up the river. Look if I don't need a little sun on my pasty white skin!"

And she stripped up the sleeve from her arm and laid it beside Ellen's, who was now sitting next her. To say the truth, it was rather amusing to me to see Clara putting herself forward as a town-bred fine lady, for she was as well-knit and clean-skinned a girl as might be met with anywhere at the best. Dick stroked the beautiful arm rather shyly, and pulled down the sleeve again, while she blushed at his touch; and the old man said, laughingly: "Well, I suppose you *do* like that, don't you?"

Ellen kissed her new friend, and we all sat silent for a little, till she broke out into a sweet, shrill song, and held us all enthralled with the wonder of her clear voice; and the old grumbler sat looking at her lovingly. The other young people sang also, in due time; and then Ellen showed us to our beds in small cottage chambers, fragrant and clean as the ideal of the old pastoral poets; and the pleasure of the evening quite extinguished my fear of the last night, that I should wake up in the old miserable world of worn-out pleasures, and hopes that were half fears.

(To be continued.)

Views and Reviews.



Y common consent our German comrade, Karl Kautsky, is acknowledged to be the greatest living Socialist. As economist, historian and philosopher, he is equally distinguished. His latest work, "The Social Revolution," is in many respects the most important Socialist work that has appeared since the publication of Engels' "Socialism Utopian and Scientific." Already, in Germany, it is regarded as an overwhelming, though indirect, reply to the Bernstein criticism. Not the least encouraging of the many signs of the progress of the movement is the avidity with which this work has been taken up in England and in this country. The altogether admirable translation by J. B. Askew which has been appearing in London "Justice," has been copied into several of our papers and eagerly read. And now a translation by A. M. and May Wood Simons has been issued by Kerr & Co., of Chicago, in their admirable "Standard" library. Such a prompt recognition of a work of this character would have been impossible a year or two ago, and is a most encouraging sign of progress. Every Socialist in the land should read and re-read this work.

There is another work by Kautsky, not less valuable to the student, though it is certainly less known. I refer to his "Communism in Central Europe in the Time of the Reformation." The title of the book sufficiently indicates its important character; and of the author's fitness to deal with such a vast subject, it is sufficient to recall his monumental work, "From Plato to the Anabaptists," which, to some extent, equipped him for the task.

He shows at the outset that communism so far from being antagonistic to the existence of man, "dates from the childhood of the race, and has been the social foundation of almost all nations, even to the present day." He makes clear the difficulties which the historian must encounter. Its history "bristles with far greater difficulties than those encountered by the historian of other phases of national growth." The records, scanty at best, come to us mainly from the enemies of the communists, who, for the most part, not only were clearly prejudiced, but, also, too careless to attempt to appreciate the differences between the various sects.

To such of those who have believed the Jesuitical claim that the Catholic Church was the sponsor of the communistic movements of the Middle Ages, Kautsky's book will prove a veritable awakener. He shows that in most cases these movements were revolts against Papal power and extortion. "It was almost imperative for those who had the interest of the poor at heart to rebel against the Papal Church, standing as it did in the front rank of the propertied classes of the Middle Ages. It was the wealthiest and the greatest among the exploiters, and held sway over the whole social life of the times, intellectually as well as economically." He compares its dominance to that of *La Haute Finance*, or the Stock Exchange in the present century. "In these days, great banking institutions control social and political life, and in the Middle Ages the Papal hierarchy was, in a similar way, the mightiest of all the ruling powers, and, like the stock exchanges, decided the fate of ministries—nay, even of kings—founding and overturning kingdoms."

But the Papal rule was not undisputed. There was no slavish obedience to it. Whenever the chance offered there was rebellion. As in the case of *La Haute Finance*, at the present time the Papal power excited the hatred of all other classes—not only of the exploited, but also of all other exploiters.

Thus it was that the communism of the Middle Ages lacked the special class-sense resulting from a highly developed class-conflict. The class lines were blurred, as was the case in France during 1830-1848, the period of the ascendancy of the

bourgeoisie. Rich and poor united in rebellion against the Papal Church and its exactions, but the foundations of a new order were lacking, and the Papacy was impregnable. "Every conflict—nay, every far-reaching catastrophe, every war, every pestilence, every famine, every rebellion—served then, as in the present day, only to increase the opulence of the spoiler of spoilers."

While the proletariat was only in the first stage of development, yet the contrast between the misery of the poor and oppressed and the luxury of the rich was even more marked than now and the sensitive and high-souled naturally sought to bring about better and more equal conditions. And these two currents blending, the aspirations of the people for juster conditions and the widespread revolt against the church, gave to communistic ideas a mighty impetus. Hence, all the communistic movements of the Middle Ages were heretical in character and origin. Space does not, of course, permit of anything approaching an adequate review of this important volume. I have simply touched upon the salient features of the introductory chapters. It is one of the most suggestive of Kautsky's works, and should be carefully studied.

* * *

Ernest Crosby's new volume of verse, "Swords and Plowshares," just published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, will add considerably to the author's deservedly high reputation. The book is characteristically dedicated to "The Noble Army of Traitors and Heretics," and shows Crosby at his best. Many of the poems have appeared in various papers and magazines—THE COMRADE among them—and there are, doubtless, many who will find some favorite piece in this well-printed volume. Like Edward Carpenter, Crosby uses the strong, free verse-form, the "eccentric-prose" of Whitman as a rule, with an occasional poem in simple lyric measure. In the latter, he is so successful that one almost wishes he would confine himself to that form of expression; not that the other is without its charm. On the contrary, the strong, direct thought, the intense moral passion, and the chaste expression of some of these Whitmanesque pieces allure one to constant re-reading.

I cannot but feel that Crosby, as a satirist, is seen to much better advantage in this volume of verse than in his prose work. "Captain Jinks," his satirical novel, did not possess the deftness, the keen touch, the railing wit contained in some of these poems. "Captain Jinks" was the work of a clever man with a mission, but "Swords and Plowshares" is the work of consecrated genius.

* * *

Four or five years ago, returning from Aberdeen, the town o' Bon Accord, where I had been giving some lectures, I broke the homeward journey at Glasgow, that sordid centre of Scottish commerce, for a wee crack wi' David Lowe, of the *Labour Leader*. David is a poet whose work has always appealed strongly to my judgment, and the opportunity was not to be missed. "Glasgie's a cauld, blastit town," I was told by a grim old Aberdonian, "but ye'll find Davie a braw, sonsie fallow." I had not been in Glasgow very long before I realized the truth of the Aberdonian's description of the city and the man.

Lowe's fame rested then upon a slim volume of verse, "Gift of the Night," a dainty little book with a dozen charming illustrations by his friend and comrade, Alec Webster. I know of no living poet whose work is so akin to that of Burns at his best as are some of these exquisite lyrics. Since that cold December day when I saw him at his office in Glasgow, Lowe has won fresh laurels as an essayist, "A Scot's Wanderjahre" being everywhere hailed with satisfaction and delight. Of his modest journeyings in the border counties of Scotland,



David Lowe.

Lowe writes with the instinct and grace of the devoted nature-lover and poet. There is not a dull line in the book. While it does not by any means appeal only to them, there must be many thousands of Scottish folk in this country who would be delighted by this little volume of fanciful sketches of a land wonderfully replete with legendary and historic interest. One of the chapters of the book, "The Books Robert Burns Read," is unique, and brought the author into prominence among students and lovers of the great national poet. Angus, the famous Burns bibliophile, called it the only complete statement of the extent of the poet's reading extant. So impressed was he, that upon his deathbed, he sent for Lowe to talk over his researches.

And now comes the third volume from his pen—an effort in still another direction. "A Man of Leisure" is a play in three acts, dealing with Scottish life and character. A ne'er-do-well gambler, possessed of the secret of a Provost's great wealth—how he stole an invention from an intoxicated employee, compels the Provost to get his daughter to marry him, thereby blighting the life of the daughter and of his most generous friend, to whom she is betrothed. He heartlessly forsakes his own sweetheart, who, in order to revenge herself contrives to become his mother-in-law. But the old Provost has no ease of soul, even after sacrificing his daughter against her will from mercenary motives, finally comes to love her, though she remains constant to her first love. By the irony of fate, the latter, whose moral ruin was almost encompassed by the blighting of his love, is saved from a terrible death by the gambler, who gives his own life to save the former friend,

whom he did not recognize. The death scene, where the dying man draws the hands of the two lovers, his wife and the man he had so grievously wronged, and whose life he had saved, is well conceived and skilfully executed.

It is throughout a fine, uplifting play, characterized by the wholesomeness common to all Lowe's work. There is a good deal of quiet humor in the play, as well as of pathos. Whether there is sufficient "action" to assure its success upon the stage remains to be seen, but it is certainly a fine literary effort. And David is one of us. He is a COMRADE contributor.

* * *

Ryan Walker is another of the fraternity whose work calls for passing comment. The publishers of "The Coming Nation" have issued a series of his cartoons in book form, under the title of "The Social Hell." Of Walker's work as a cartoonist, it is hardly necessary for me to speak in these pages, where he gives us so much of his best. Not all his work is of equal worth, but at his best he is without doubt the ablest cartoonist in our ranks. Like most of our American cartoonists, he is too much addicted to putting labels where the cartoons should be, and generally are, self-explanatory. This impairs their efficiency, as cartoons, by destroying the sense of realism which is the essential quality of the effective cartoon. A striking example in this collection is a cartoon which shows Labor digging "to support an heiress who had sold herself for a title to a Duke." Especially in view of the letterpress underneath it, there is no reason why labels should have been tagged on to show which of the three figures represented Labor, the heiress, or the Duke. It is not always possible to avoid the labelling of figures, but wherever possible it should be done. This, however, is a word of criticism which does not apply to Walker alone, but to almost every cartoonist in America. For the rest, I need only say that, taken all in all, "The Social Hell" is the best thing of its kind which has yet been published. The publishers have produced the book in two styles. There is a cheap edition for general propaganda, and a souvenir edition, which sells at twenty-five cents the copy. I cordially recommend this edition to every Socialist.

* * *

No literary undertaking of recent times has given me such pleasure as that of Mr. Edward Ginn, the Boston publisher and well-known advocate of peace. At considerable sacrifice, Mr. Ginn has undertaken the publication of an International Library, consisting of the great classics of anti-war literature, at a price which places the volumes within reach of all. So far, two volumes have been issued. They are "The Future of War," by the late Mr. Jean Bloch, and three famous anti-war speeches by Charles Sumner, under the title of "Addresses on War." The books are well printed upon good paper, and are well and uniformly bound. While the cheapest editions heretofore have been sold at two dollars, this excellent edition is sold at the remarkable *net* price of fifty cents per volume. Every Socialist should possess a set.

* * *

"Our Benevolent Feudalism" is a clever book by a clever Fabian, Mr. W. J. Ghent. The title is by far the cleverest thing about it, however, and will live when the book and the author have been forgotten. It is a clever recast of the old phrase, "benevolent paternalism," and owes its popularity to the psychological fitness of the moment of its birth. That is about all. The book, undeniably clever as it is, does not ring true. Somehow, it gives one the impression of a man trying to "bluff" his readers. You feel that he is not sincere. If you have a taste for intellectual juggling, the book amuses you. Nothing more.

The colossal "charities" of such as Rhodes, Carnegie, Rocke-

feller, and others, lends an air of plausibility to the phrase, but it is evident that even such an impossible society as Mr. Ghent's imagination conjures up, would lack almost every one of the essential features of feudalism. The complete independence of the feudal state, for example.—But what is the use of arguing seriously about a book of this kind? Mr. Ghent poses as a prophet. He sees, or thinks he sees, that the great concentration of capital evidenced by the "trusts" is going to end in a new sort of feudalism, based upon commerce rather than land-owning. But he barely touches upon the great world-movement of the workers, ever increasing in power as it is, which thwarts the path of this development of capitalism. Unhindered, the trusts might develop even such a fantastic society as is comprehended in the clever phrase of Mr. Ghent's title, but—aye, there's that awful "but"—for the fact of great counter-forces at work in the political world. Mr. Ghent amuses, but does not convince. That is a Fabian habit.

J. S.

Books Received.

A MAN OF LEISURE; A Play in Three Acts. By David Lowe. Cloth. 112 pages. Glasgow: Frederick W. Wilson & Co.

THE SOCIAL HELL. By Ryan Walker. Souvenir, Large Paper Edition. Price, 25 cents. Rich Hil, Mo.: The Coming Nation.

SWORDS AND PLOWSHARES. By Ernest Crosby. Cloth. 126 pages. Price, \$1.00. New York: The Funk & Wagnalls Company.

ADDRESSES ON WAR. By Charles Sumner, with Introduction by E. D. Mead. Cloth. XXVII 319 pages. Price, 50 cents (postage, 15 cents extra). Boston: Ginn & Co.

*FATE: THE STORY OF THE STUDY OF A HUMAN LIFE. By Edwin Arnold Brenholtz. Cloth, 222 pages. Price, \$1.00. New York: The Abbey Press.

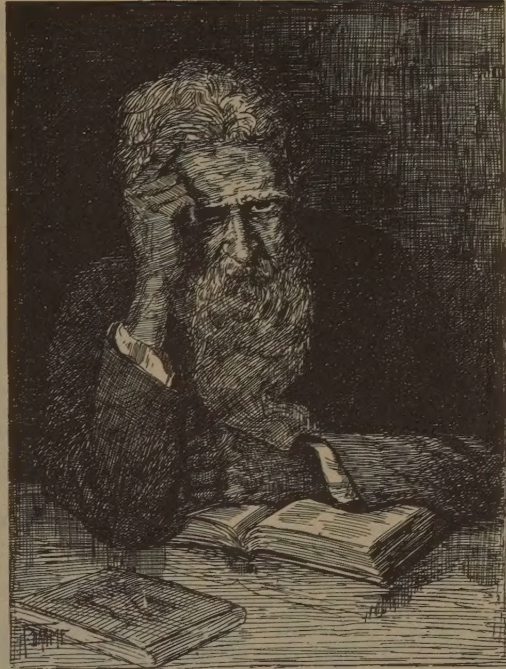
*THE SHAKESPEARE CYCLOPEDIA AND NEW GLOSSARY. By John Phin. With Introduction by Edward Dowden, LL.D. Cloth. 428 pages. Price, \$1.50. New York: The Industrial Publication Co.

HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.. By C. L. James. Cloth. 343 pages. Price, \$1.00 net. Chicago: Abe Isaak, Jr.

*SOCIALISM AND THE SOCIAL MOVEMENT IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Werner Sombart. With introduction by John B. Clark. Cloth. 199 pages. Price, \$1.00. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr.

*PLAIN FACTS AS TO THE TRUSTS AND THE TARIFF. By George L. Bolen. Cloth. 451 pages. Price, \$1.25. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Any book mentioned on this page can be obtained from the office of THE COMRADE at publishers' prices.



"The Veteran". A Portrait by F. Dahme.

An Hour of Meanings.

By Charlotte Teller.



HERE is a time of year when at the hour the sun sinks just below the ragged line of house-tops, leaving its red mark astreak the sky, that whistles blow the close of working day.

It's half-past five—the hour of transient freedom for those who work in stores and offices. But as they pass into the streets, the darkness thrusts its misty veils about them, and night begins before they've seen the day alive.

Lights flash into the street and strike across the faces—some weary beyond hope of rest, some still so fresh that men look back and wonder.

A strange procession passing from the city's dungeons to the freer outskirts—to homes, perhaps.

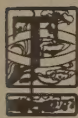
There's laughter—and lagging feet as well. There's hope for some, and weary stretch of work for some. An hour of human history unconscious of its varied meaning.



THE COMRADE.

The Tyrant's Song.

By Ernest Crosby.



IS not the man with match alight
Behind the barricade,
Nor he who stoops to dynamite,
That makes us feel afraid.
For halter-end and prison cell
Soon quench these brief alarms;
But where are found the means to quell
The man with folded arms?

We dread the man who folds his arms
And tells the simple truth,
Whose strong, impetuous protest charms
The virgin ear of youth;
Who scorns the vengeance that we wreak,
And smiles to meet his doom,
Who on the scaffold still can speak,
And preaches from the tomb.

We kill the man with dagger drawn—
The man with loaded gun;
They never see the morning dawn
Nor hail the rising sun;
But who shall slay the immortal man
Whom nothing mortal harms,
Who never fought and never ran—
The man with folded arms?

(From "Sword and Plowshares".)



TO OUR READERS.

The resignation of Father McGrady from the Catholic priesthood gives an additional interest to his interesting article in the present issue. From all parts of the country we continue to receive the assurances of our readers that this series continues to prove a source of great interest to them. We have a number of these articles for succeeding issues, among those who have promised to write being Franklin H. Wentworth, Jack London, Geo. D. Herron, and others. In view of the many enquiries we have received, especially from the West, we are glad to say that we have made arrangements for the publication in our next issue of a biographical sketch of Comrade Ransden, our newly-elected Representative in the Massachusetts State Legislature. Mayor Charles H. Coulter, of Brockton, Mass., will contribute his "confession" to our series.

Among other features of our next issue will be an illustrated article by Simon O. Pollock, entitled "Some Russian Revolutionary Pictures." Some of the pictures which will be reproduced in half-tone are exceptionally strong and interesting. There will also be some striking cartoons and poems, together making an issue of great excellence.

Our youthful little magazine, "The Agitator," has been received with enthusiasm in all parts of the country. The second issue—in every way an improvement upon the first—has now gone forth upon its journey and mission. We believe that it is distinctly the best and the cheapest thing of the kind ever attempted in the history of the movement. A thirty-two page magazine with illustrations that make it attractive, and simple articles that can be easily understood, it sells, in clubs, for ten cents a year—less than one cent a copy. Remember, this is not a scientific journal, nor a literary journal, but simply an AGITATOR. It



explains Socialism. We are fortunate in having for the second issue such brilliant writers as H. Quelch, editor of *London Justice*; Max Hayes and William Thurston Brown. Ryan Walker and F. Dahme have drawn some striking cartoons for it. If you want to do propaganda work among your fellow workers use the AGITATOR.

No pamphlet ever published is so attractive as this.

Dr. Gibbs' pamphlet, "Socialism the Basis of Universal Peace," should be widely circulated. In many respects it is one of the most important contributions which has been made to our propaganda literature in recent years. Many thousands of earnest, peace-loving people would be drawn to our ranks could they realize what the author affirms with profound conviction that Socialism alone can give peace to the world. It is a trenchantly written pamphlet upon a subject of vital importance. Price, five cents per copy; ten copies, 35c.; fifty copies, \$1.40.

"Socialism and the Negro Problem," a well-printed little booklet, by Charles H. Vail, author of "Principles of Scientific Socialism," etc., is unique also in that it is positively the only pamphlet published upon the question. We have printed it along with the resolutions upon the subject adopted at the National Convention of the Socialist Party. Price per copy, five cents; ten copies, 20c.; fifty copies, 75c.

We shall shortly issue an important little work, one of the most important in Socialist literature, "Socialism and Anarchism," by George Plechanoff, who will write a special introduction for this American edition. This work by our profound Russian comrade should be carefully studied by every Socialist. No single work in any language sets forth the essential differences of Socialism and Anarchism as this. Further particulars in our next issue.

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